The LUNACY,
A
POEM,
Upon ye Story of mr Edmonds of Hartfordshire.

Addrefs'd to the Burroughs of *Southwark* and *Bramber*, againft their next *Choice* of Members to ſerve in *Parliament*.

24. Sept. 1710.

THE Times were come which Bards of Old
Had in their Propheſies foretold,
When a diſſembled *Moderation*
Should prey upon the *Britiſh* Nation,
And *Hypocrites* demurely throſt
Into chief Offices of Truſt;
When Man to Mankind moſt ſevere
Should his own Species grinde and tear,
Void of Compaſſion, and poſſeſt
Of Cruelties unknown to Beaſts;
As Sons againſt their Fathers roſe
Empower'd by Texts falſe *Teachers* choſe,
And 'twas laid down for Right and Reaſon,
That Saints th' *Ungodly*'s Goods ſhould ſeize on,
Should in Defiance of the Laws
Forge where they could not find a Cauſe,
And by the Motions of the Spirit,
What they'd no Title to inherit.
'Twas then Two Knights of Muckle Fame,
Don *Carlo* and Don *Cl*—— by Name,

Both Intimate as Hand and Glove,
And like each other Scandal proof,
Join'd Heads together how to be
Tranſmitted to Poſterity
For ſome Adventure that was odd,
And out of Story's common Road
No matter tho' 'twas nee'r ſo bad,
So that no Precedent was had,
And they ſuch Projects could purſue,
Which for their Villanies were new.
The firſt of theſe renown'd Archievers
Was one of thoſe half-fac'd Believers,
That of the Sanctimonious Strain
Prove that their *Godlineſs* is *Gain*,
And think it Orthodoxly fitting
To go to *Church* to *ſave* the *Meeting*;
While they, as all their Actions ſhow,
Look one Way and another know,
Like *Lambeth* Watermen, who turn ye
Their Breech where they direct their Journey.
Not but his Fæculental Brains
Were full as muddy as his Grains;
And tho' he ever was a *brewing*
Schemes to compleat the Church's Ruin,
Yet do whatever *Carlo* cou'd,
Things were as formerly they ſtood,
And went on in their proper Current,
The more he ſtunk the more He'd ſtir in't,
E'er ſince from Maſhing-Tub and Bung,
He from his Waſte White Ap'on flung,
And tucking Tilter to his Side
Up for a Patriot was cry'd,
As thoſe that could not ſee him thorough,
Made him a Member of their Burrough
To prate in Senate-Houſe as homely
As his Wiſe Colleague *Th——— Cholmely*.

The laſt, to uſe him as we ought,
Neither of *Church* or *Meeting* thought,
Or valu'd which got uppermoſt
So that He could but run on Truſt,
Could ſcore at Bar for half a Crown,
Or make a Tradeſman Book him down,
Though he ſtill gave his Vote with thoſe
Who got Him to S~~peak~~ the choſe,
And ſeemingly was *Hot* and *Hearty*
For the *Moderation* Party,
Who taught him to make ſhew of Zeal,
All National Diſputes to heal,
The Rights of Crowns to let alone,
And interfere not with the Throne,
While they are ſtriving Tooth and Nail
To cut off Monarchy's Entail
And its Prerogatives to cripple
By their Sov'reign Lord the People,
Whom ſome would recognize by Stealth
To introduce a Commonwealth;
In ſhort, his Worſhip led a Life
Juſt as Religious as His *Wife*,
Would ſometimes take a Hearty Glaſs,
And ſometime with an Harlot paſs,
As Money roſe, or Inclination
Led him to either Sort of Paſſion;
For Learning, none that Breath'd knew Better
To ſmoke a Bailiff or a Setter;
At ev'ry Turning Sham a Piſs,
Or look about that Way or this,
Leſt Shoulder-dabber coming after
Should make him *really* make water,
And in a Fright bewray himſelf,
For Want of true Reſtringent Pelf.
Nor was he leſs acute and knowing
In all true Diſtances of going,

How far the *Queen's-bench* Limits ſtretch'd,
Or where the Rules of *Fleta* reach'd,
To what Extreams the *Mint* extended,
Or where its Priviledges ended;
So Nice was his obſervant Care
He knew *Court-Verges* to a Hair;
Could Debtors reach how far to travel,
Juſt to a *Pebbleſtone*, or Gravel.
For *Honeſty* in his behaving,
Of that the Knight was very ſaving;
So Thrifty and Penurious grown,
'Twas ſaid about the Town H'ad none,
Becauſe he never was ſo vain
As to make ſhew of half a Grain,
Leſt we from thence ſhould take occaſion
To ſay 'twas out of Oſtentation;
Of ſuch a ſelf-denying kind
Were the Affections of his Mind,
And ſo averſe to what would raiſe
His Fame, and hand it up to Praiſe.
Such Choice Accomplishments as theſe
Could not but our *Don Carlo* pleaſe,
Who believ'd ev'ry Thing He ſaid,
That White was Black, and Black was Red,
And made no Queſtion of Conſent
For Moneys He had often lent
At Intereſt for *Cent. per Cent.*
Not doubting but Proceſs of Time
Up to ſome Poſt would make him climb,
Since by his Means H'had learn'd to clamber
Into the Sp[illegible]t H[illegible]ſe from *Br[illegible]r*,
Where *Buſs* and *Guinea* wins the Day,
And thoſe are Beſt that Beſt can pay;
As *Fiſhermen* themſelves are taught,
Not to *catch* others, but be caught.

But

But tho' he kept a mighty pother
To Introduce this Scheme, and t'other,
To hold both Hands out to both Parties,
To shew them what a Patriot's Art is,
And prove that he had all his Paces
To get into the Court's good Graces,
Which at that Time was running down
The Doctrines which upheld the Crown,
He could not for His Life arrive
At what all base Time-servers strive,
But do whatever He could do,
Found, tho' the Proverb must hold true,
That *Fools have always the best Fortune*,
Yet that another was as Certain,
Which does affirm that *Honesty*
Is always the best Policy;
While his Address to Men in Places,
And voting with *White-Staves* and *Maces*,
To carry on a Certain Cause,
Made Him no oth'rwise than he was,
Still left Him Indigent and Needy,
And for some fresh Expedient ready.
At this a Monster of a Priest,
Whom all that know him must detest,
And with Abhorrence ever fly,
That have a Sence of Piety,
Cry'd out, 'Dear Comrade of a Knight,
'Suppose I set your Matters right,
'And make you of a Mouse a Man, Sir,
'What shall I have by way of Answer?
O! Thou shalt Tythe, nay more, shalt Halve,
'Then for your Sore behold a Salve.
'In yonder Shire you know there lye
'Some Acres that would tempt your Eye,
'Plenty and Wealth adorn these Lands,
'And bless the Joyful Lab'rers Hands,

Not

' Not only this, but an Eſtate
' Dwells in that Houſe of *Coin* and *Plate*,
' *Jewels* and *Utenſils* of *Worth*,
' Your *Bedfellow's* juſt Right by Birth,
' Soon as Old *Good-for-nothing's* gone,
' That is Incumbent hereupon.
' What if I've found a Way this Minute
' For you to fix and ſettle in it?
What? Nothing ſhall be thought too much,
You with my Wife ſhall take a Touch;
Shall have whate'er you will for Penſion,
And be the Major of the Manſion.
' With all my Heart, *Don Julian* cry'd,
' There is ſome Senſe in ſuch a Bride,
' Eſpecially ſince my own
' Is turn'd off, and I lye alone;
' But when the Spouſe of Dr. *Bubble*
' Makes my Bed carry ſometimes Double.
' This Sire of Hers is Strong and Tough,
' And though He has liv'd long enough,
' May ſeveral Years continue Breathing,
' Without being penn'd down for Bequeathing,
' Which while He's living He'll yeild ſcarce to,
' In all Appearance moſt averſe to;
' Wherefore 'tis fit we take a Courſe,
' And make Him *as* if *dead* by Force.
' You know my Function and my Poſt,
' And o'er whoſe Souls I rule the Roaſt,
' Who from the Sacred Robe I wear
' Will reverence my Character, *Dr Harris.*
' And give to my Aſſertions Credit,
' Becauſe his Lordſhip's Chaplain ſaid it;
' Wherefore here's nothing to be done,
' But that we every Mother's Son
' Give out that the Poſſeſſor's Mad,
' That the Poſſeſſion may be had,

' And

And in the Face of Juſtice brave it,
Each one by making Affidavit,
In order that we may procure you
A *Writ* for ſummoning a Jury,
Which P———s moſt aſſur'dly backs,
So that you offer him but ſnacks,
And pay Him Secretary's Fee
For Means to prove the *Lunacy*.
'Twas done as ſoon as *Carlo* firſt
The proper Aſſetts had diſburſt,
With a Proviſo to be paid
Four Times as much as down was laid,
Whenever Chattels, Goods or Lands,
Should fall into Don *Clevio*'s Hands;
As the well natur'd Eaſie L-o-d
Believ'd his Secretary's Word,
And taking every Thing for Truth
That's iſſued from his Chaplain's Mouth,
Without Enquiry Seal'd and Sign'd
A Parchment of ſo ſtrange a Kind,
As might have blaſted all the Fame
Was owing to ſo Great a Name,
Had not his Juſtice at the laſt
Aton'd for Inadvertence paſt,
By publickly diſcarding thoſe
That durſt upon his Faith impoſe.
What next was Counſell'd to be done,
Was Houſe and Lands to ſeize upon,
And their Right Owner carry off,
To make him Mad by Way of Proof,
That what was ſworn ſo might appear
Beyond all Contradiction Clear.
The Good Old Man, for ſuch he was,
Always conform'd Himſelf to Laws;
And Innocently ſat at Home,
Thoughtleſs of Accidents to come,

That Sons could be so Cruel-hearted,
Or Law against Him be perverted,
While all the Neighb'ring Poor around
In Him a Constant Patron found,
And all the Gentry far and near,
A Friend beyond Mistrust Sincere.
But against Flails there is no Fence
From an unguarded Innocence;
Nor could the most unblemish'd Breast,
That was not of a Thought possest,
But what was Honest, keep Him free
From Rapine, and from Cruelty.
Equipp'd with borrowd Coach and Six,
And Arm'd with Pistols, Swords, and Sticks,
With other Instruments of Force,
To *Hertfordshire* they bent their Course;
Nor would the Parson be Exempt
From joining in the base Attempt,
But with the Knight and Secretary
Would likewise Arms Offensive carry:
After he had the Parchment bless'd,
In which their Orders were Express'd,
And done what Modern Sons of Hell do,
Said a short Grace before they fell to.
So Pope with Holy Consecration
Licens'd the Eighty-eight Invasion,
And sanctified the Fleet before
It parted from the *Iberian* Shore.
Arriv'd at the expected Dome,
Which *Clove* was to call his Home;
And whose Right Owner Fame had taught
To be the Purchase which they fought,
They found the Neighbourhood alarm'd,
And to assist their Patron arm'd,
Whose Servants likewise were prepar'd
To be upon their Master's Guard.

This

This made *Don Technicon* repent *Dr Harris*
That he on such a Errand went;
However, since he was got in,
Wade it he would through Thick and Thin;
And being sensible his Tongue,
Like something else, was nobly hung,
Took on Him to harangue the Croud
After this Manner, learn'd, and loud.
What Madness, Sirs, has brought you hither,
And thus assembled you together?
Are you thus Riotous because
We're come to Execute the Laws,
And out of Tenderness endure
This Journey for your Patron's Cure?
Believe it, that as Black my Coat is,
I speak in Verbo Sacerdotis,
Not one amongst us makes Pretences,
But to recover his lost Senses.
Poor Gentleman! What Pity 'tis
Madness should seize a Brain like his!
Or this his Lunacy continue!
Sure he has spread the Infection in you,
Else you would not his Cure oppose,
But with Means to effect it close.
Behold this Seal, *'tis Large and Broad,* *Great Seal*
And many a Mutineer has aw'd;
It Authorizes our Commission,
And speaks the Lunatick's *Condition;*
Wherefore be peaceable and still,
If you would not see Ludgate-Hill,
And in another Manner meet
To cool your Heels within the Fleet.
He spoke, but might as well have spar'd
His Words, they gave him no regard,
But in return whole Volleys sent
Of Stones by Way of Compliment;

And

And brandiſhing their Clubs aloft,
At them and their Commiſſion ſcoff'd.
Thrice did the Valiant Knight and Squire
Advance, and full as oft retire:
Thrice did the Parſon make ſet Speeches,
While his Heart ſunk into his Breeches;
And Thrice was batter'd from Approach
Back to his Refuge of a Coach.
When after they in vain had try'd
To get the *Poſſe* of their Side,
And not a *Juſtice* of the Peace,
Who knew the Man, or knew his Caſe,
Would Grant or Iſſue out a Warrant
To raiſe them upon ſuch an Errand,
An Intermedler of the *Coram*,
Who Right or Wrong call'd all before Him,
One, whoſe Unchriſtian Name was *Sattl—yer*,
That on the Bench ne'er quoted Lawyer,
Order'd his Precept to be made,
Which by the Sheriff was obey'd,
And in the *Caitiffs* ruſh'd to ſeize on
A Man whoſe Crime was too much Reaſon,
In taking, as he ought, Offence
At Son-in-law's Extravagance,
And not conſenting on Occaſions
To gratifie his craving Paſſions.
Mean while the Knight, and Squire, and Prieſt,
Did not ſtand Idle in the leaſt,
But as 'twas held for *Orthodox*,
Firſt to inſpect the *Money-Box*,
So they look'd ſharp about, to pry
With Curious and Obſervant Eye,
Where lay the Key unlock'd the Coin,
Which they came thither to Purloin.
At laſt the Parſon hot and fiery,
In making furious Enquiry,

Found

Found it, and having bleſs'd Himſelf
For fingering of the Guide to Pelf,
Expos'd the Treaſure to their View
That was of ſuch a ſhining Hue,
As all their Faculties amaz'd,
While *Clevio* in a Tranſport gaz'd,
And ſwore he had not ſeen, till then,
So fair a Sight the Lord knows when.
Raviſh'd he graſp'd the ſhining Plate,
To make an Eſſay of its Weight,
And off the Parſon flung his Caſſock,
With Eyes as piercing as a Gos-Hawk,
Eager to tell the Money over,
And all the Yellow-Boys diſcover,
That held themſelves conceal'd from Sight,
As well as *Peices* that were *White*,
Which in deep hollow Bags were kept,
Uſeleſs, as when at firſt they ſlept
In Parent Oar, within the *Mine*,
Unknown to Fraudulent Deſign.
Nor was *Don Secretario* leſs
Touch'd with the Tokens of Succeſs,
But look'd all Rapture and Surprize,
At what provok'd his wondring Eyes,
And ſummon'd all his Faculties.
Now he the Bags of Silver told,
Now dwell'd attentive on the Gold;
From thence with New Deſires He burn'd
Of Maſſy Plate, to which He turn'd,
As Baſons, Tankards, Spoons, and Cups,
Made Water iſſue from his Chops,
And left Him wavering and uncertain
Which to chuſe out the greateſt Part in.
In ſhort, all Three left off their Wond'ring,
And fell enormouſly a plund'ring,

Till

Till they, as if bred up to Pilfer,
Had ſtripp'd the Houſe of Gold and Silver,
And carry'd every Thing from thence
That would bring in and raiſe the Pence;
Not owning that they were encumber'd
With Loads of Plate, or Moneys number'd;
Tho' of the firſt they had a Freight
Of Eighteen Hundred Ounces Weight;
And of the laſt in Guineas coin'd
They left not even one behind
Out of Twelve Hundred ſhining Pieces,
Such as the Hand of Lawyers greaſes,
When he turns Advocate for Pelf,
Not for his Client, but himſelf;
Or of Nine Hundred Pounds a Sice
Of Mettal of a Lower Price.

The next Thing which they had to do
Was where the Priſoner they ſhould ſtow,
Whom they had got within their Clutches,
With all his Chattels, Goods, and Riches;
And of whoſe Houſe ſhould they make Choice
To keep Him Private, and from Noiſe
Of People, whoſe Reſentments fiery
Would puſh 'em on to make Enquiry,
But of *Don Carlo*'s, who made Anſwer,
Alas! Poor Frantick Gentleman, Sir,
His Malady's ſo furious grown,
We dare not truſt him with the Sun,
Much leſs with any Friends, whoſe Sight
Would diſcompoſe Him more than Light;
Wherefore excuſe me for the Reaſons,
Which now debar you from His Preſence.

Yet did his Friends not ceaſe to ſtir,
With my good Lord —— the Chancellor,
For Juſtice, for the poor Defendant,
O'er whom Injuſtice had the Aſcendant:

Nor

Nor was their lawful Suit deny'd
By Him that ſtill with Law comply'd,
And always lent a Gracious Ear,
Unredreſs'd Injuries to hear;
Tho' the beſt Men ſometimes give Way
To what the worſt of Mankind ſay,
And 'tis not in the Purſe or Mace
To know one's Meaning by his Face;
Elſe would his Lo*rdſhi*p have foreſeen
The Conſequence of *Holy* Mien,
And Spight of Chaplain's Aſpect Grave,
Under the Gown have read the Knave.
To be as brief as Theme will ſuffer,
Theſe to make proof of *Madneſs* offer,
And theſe on t'other Hand agree
To an Inqueſt of Lunacy,
Not doubting of His being clear'd
If Matters were but fairly heard.
In ſhort, a Jury was impannell'd
In order to ſee what the Man ail'd;
And tho 'twas uſual in ſuch Caſes,
To chuſe them from Adjacent Places,
And had Time out of Mind been Common
Near where the Perſon liv'd to *Summon*,
Becauſe they better could expreſs
Their Judgment, than who knew him leſs;
This was compos'd of ſuch whoſe Station
Eſtrang'd them from his Converſation;
Tradeſmen that kept Shop to and fro,
Near *Temple-Bar* and *Butcher-Row*,
Whoſe Judgment never went beyond
So much in Shilling and in Pound.
Yet tho' theſe were to judge of *Brains*
In Veſtry of *St. Clement Danes*,
Tho' *Iriſh* Witneſſes enough
That never ſaw Him came for Proof,

Neither

Neither *Fitzgerald* could nor *Bourk*
By ſwearing do their Maſter's Work;
The Priſ'ner's Intellects were found
So Juſt and Regularly Sound,
In His elaborate Complaint
For his Unjuſtify'd Reſtraint,
That even his Accuſers felt
Some Sort of a Remorſe for Guilt,
And ſneak'd off while it was decreed
That injur'd *Edmonds* ſhould be freed.
That he ſhould have his Goods reſtor'd
And all his Gold and Silver Hoard,
Which when he'll have I dare not ſay,
For Thieves what's borrow'd ſcarce repay;
And there appears but little Ground,
Three of the Four will e'er refund,
Tho' One of them when Time permits,
And his Friends look not to their Hits,
Unpriviledg'd may chance to rue
The Miſchiefs He is known to Brew,
And ſhew that He Himſelf had Head lame
In making of His Houſe a *Bedlam*.
Nor ſhall the other Knight be free
(Tho' penyleſs) from Infamy.
Conſcience 'tis true, for he has none,
Shall let the Miſcreant's Breaſt alone,
Shall unrepented Crimes forbear,
And during Life the Monſter ſpare,
But He ſhall out of Senate's ſpew'd
Still remain Impotent and Lewd,
With Poverty and Hunger curs'd
Without One Grig to quench his Thirſt,
While *Harpis* ſhall returnagain
To Algebra in *Birchin Lane*,
Read Lectures, Circles how to ſquare
And of Two Angles make a Pair,

While

While *Pontchartrain* loſt for want of Bribes,
Shall herd himſelf with *Hackney* Scribes.
Since thou, O *Southwark*, now may'ſt ſee,
Who's Repreſentative for Thee,
And how he's likely in his Station
To ſerve thee in the Conſervation
Of all thy boaſted Liberties,
That upon *Edmonds* his could ſeize,
And in Confinement could immure
One whom the Laws had made ſecure.
Rather than to his Suit be yeilding
Set up for Candidate *Beau Fielding*,
That daily ſupplicates your Voice,
And with his Keeper begs your Choice.
Better a *Madman* ſhould be had
If you neglect your ſelves in Law,
Than One that would make others *Mad*.
And Thou, O *Bramber*, that as yet
Haſt choſe no Member but in Debt,
Diſdain the former Choice Thou'ſt made
If Thou'dſt not have thy Rights betray'd,
Since He that could his own reſign,
And ſell His Heritage for Coin,
Will on Occaſion part with Thine.
He upon whom no Anguiſh lies
For Plighted Faith, or Nuptial Ties,
And inwardly no Senſe allows
Of Violated Oaths and Vows,
That could not an Old Father ſpare,
Crown'd with White Wreaths of Silver Hair,
To antedate Himſelf his Heir,
Believe it, whatſoe'er's his Plea,
Will have no Charity for Thee,
But in requital for thy Votes
Would cut thy Corporation's Throats,

And that he might be still profuse,
Rome or *Geneva* introduce,
No Matter which, so that He got
Wherewith to riot on the Spot,
And with a Party late in Fashion
Shew an *Excess* of Moderation.

FINIS.

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